

prayers. A sort of musical throbbing beat dully on my ears.

"Suddenly I knew that not my friends' prayers, but only my OWN perfect faith in God would bring me His mercy. Then everything around me fell into blackness and I saw Jesus Himself, in a glow of gold. He spoke to me in a voice as sweet as beautiful music.

"Will you walk?" came His voice,



Mrs. S. H. Moran, who was a helpless cripple for 26 years and who, after a week of special prayer, is able to walk—and carry a baby.

"leaning on none other arm but mine?"

"Right with His words, a great strength flowed into my spirit. 'I will!' I cried, and I rose to my feet. I walked about the room, and seemed to feel the guidance of His arm."

The city physician, Dr. G. R. Mitchell, was asked of this alleged miracle. "All I can say is," he replied, "that two weeks ago Mrs. Moran was

a pitiable invalid, and that today she is unquestionably cured."

I asked the same question of Ralph Thurber, newspaper owner, and formerly executive clerk to ex-Gov. Davidson. "We used to think Mrs. Moran absolutely without hope of cure," he answered. "For years she was a familiar sight, helpless in her wheel chair. But since that prayer meeting she walks about at will, totally cured of her infirmity."

Finally I went to Mrs. Moran's pastor, Dr. D. G. Jones of the Reformed Methodist church.

"Except as a wondrous miracle," he declared, "the event is absolutely inexplicable. It was the direct intervention of God."

"RISE, AND WALK."

And a certain man was there which had an infirmity thirty and eight years.

When Jesus saw him lie and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole?

The impotent man answered him: Sir, I have no man when the water is troubled to put me into the pool; but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me.

Jesus saith unto him: Rise, take up thy bed, and walk.

And immediately the man was made whole and took up his bed, and walked; and on the same day was the Sabbath.—John v:5-9.

HIS LONGEST DAY

A retired colonel had been advised by his doctor that if he did not give up whisky it would shorten his life.

"Think so?" asked the colonel.

"I am sure of it, colonel. If you will stop drinking I am sure it will prolong your days."

"Come to think of it, I believe you are right about that, doctor," said the colonel. "I went twenty-four hours without a drink six months ago, and I never put in such a long day in my life."